

Good 5 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

SHOW TIME ON LEAVE

THE obvious thing for me to say regarding the new Garrick play, "Brighton Rock," is that you **must** see Richard Attenborough and Hermione Baddeley, because their acting is simply terrific.

So is that of Dulcie Gray and Harcourt Williams, and the supporting players are, in the main, first-rate.

What I should say, however, is that "Brighton Rock" is the most horribly sordid thing I have ever seen on the stage. Critics have described it as sordid, undesirable, horrid and unpleasant. I class it as public horror number one.

If, however, you think you are tough, go and see it. You will revel in the cut-throat methods of the Brighton race gang; you will require a very large handkerchief if you let the tragedy carry you away, though.

It is fair to say that the ingredients, namely, razor blades, acid, knuckledusters, coarse humour, tragedy, 14 distinctive characters, fast-moving developments and truth, are admirably and intelligently produced by Richard Bird.

Did you see the Anglo-Polish Ballet last year? Well, it's back in town after several months in the provinces, and is equally popular at the Winter Garden as it was before.

Vladimir Launitz, the original conductor of the Ballet, wrote the music, and Faust is played by Jan Lawski.

Main attractions are, of course, "Cracow Wedding," "Pan Wardowski," Helena Wolkska and Toni Repetsky.

One thing J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" proves is that a revival, well done, is tops in public favour.

Barbara Mullen comes to the Lyric stage with a performance more sincere and more enchanting than any I have seen for some time. She is definitely a hit with a capital H.

To say any more than that the first act is one of the strongest ever written, that subsequent acts are eventful and intriguing, would destroy the necessary suspense. But take it from me, it is as sound as J. M. Barrie can be. What more can be said?

Strong support comes from Irene Vanbrugh, John Stuart, and James Woodburn.

Several newcomers to the London stage feature in "Junior Miss," which is now at the Saville. In the cast of twenty there are only four grown-ups—Joan White, Ronald Ward, Linda Gray and Frank Leigh.

The third American success to be imported by Firth Sheppard, "Junior Miss," is, after twenty months, still going strong in New York.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

AND that doesn't mean diving-suits or mortar-boards, boys . . . we're not going to be academic, nor too, too, research . . . just sort of free-and-easy, say-what-the-heck-you-like.

Maybe you won't always agree with what I say . . . maybe at times you won't even think it's funny—sometimes we don't feel like laughing, and at other times a laugh puts just the right complexion on things.

That's how it goes . . . and that's how I hope we run our little talks.

KAY FOR KROONING

We all have different ideas . . . like the blonde who preferred artists because, she said, "They know where to draw the line" . . . while her friend had a pass for all-in wrestlers for the very reason that "nothing was barred."

Just a matter of taste, you see.

Why, only last night I was enjoying a "final" when I spotted a small bottle of "Advocaat" (as supplied to the Dutch Royal Family, if you please), a two-thimble affair, pre-war 1/6, or thereabouts.

I asked the price, and was told, "You couldn't buy it, old chap . . . it isn't for sale." I knew that I couldn't buy it in any case . . . but was much more surprised when told that it was for a collector . . . and, what was more, that there are numerous collectors of those small liqueurs . . . and, furthermore, that Billy Mayerhaf had a specimen dating right back to one of the King Charles.

Taste again . . . but surely . . . taste-tempting.

Of course, there's no accounting for taste.

You remember the chappie who had a throat operation and had to be fed with a stomach-pump?

One day he was having his "last cup of tea" sort of thing, when, to the amazement of the nurse, he spat it out all over the place. "What on earth's wrong now, old boy?" asked nurse, as kindly as she possibly could.

"Awful," he stammered, "no SUGAR in the darned stuff."

Which surely goes to prove that some people are hard to please.

Like a rather snooty girl friend I took to a party, which I knew might develop into a "free-for-all." (As a matter of fact, it was a Speedway Supporters' "do," and you know how those boys and girls can hand it out.)

Well, the party started with these hefty people singing their opening number, "We are the Ovaltines" . . . and I thought that rather appropriate, anyway . . . but before long it became real matey.

My friend . . . kind of aloof . . . just couldn't make the grade.

"Come on" I said, "get right in up to the neck . . . my job depends on these guys . . . haven't you ANY sporting blood in your veins?"

"Sure I have," she reported, "but I'm darned if I want to spill it HERE." (Ac-

tually, she weighed-in fine, and we had a smashing time. . . . I never knew WHO paid for the breakages.)

Point was that she had thought herself a cut above Speedway fans, but, as she herself confessed on the way home (one does discuss "shop" on the way home—or does one?), "Gosh—they may be rough, but I had a grand time, and I think they're real swell."

"Mighty swell of you to think so, I'm sure—you big-hearted babe," was all I could think of . . . but even that wasn't clever . . . from then on all bookings as a double turn were cancelled.

But you know what I mean.

Some people won't take a look at anyone unless they wear the same sort of tie and speak with the same accent . . . so piffing.

Because you never know with whom you are rubbing shoulders.

Laugh This Off

He was on short leave prior to being posted to a new ship, and had taken his girl to the races.

As they were leaning over the rails before a race started, she whispered, "Have you a safety-pin, darling?"

Just then the crowd shouted, "THEY'RE OFF!"

And the girl fainted.

If we had clothes rationing to the extreme, and all wore a sort of battle-dress, I believe we would then get to know each other much better, and find, maybe to our amazement—but definitely to our betterment—that none of us had a monopoly of brains or ability.

Amongst my school acquaintances I recall the son of a milkman who became a Senior Wrangler—a postman's son who is now medical officer with one of the largest combines in the country—and another boy whose father refused to allow him to take advantage of his scholarship to the local Grammar School, but sent him down the mine instead.

That boy now owns a fleet of lorries, has a gigantic haulage business, and has installed his

That in your submarine there may be a fine artist—a gifted poet—an engineering genius. If there is—then you know it.

Because, unlike the civilian public, you people live together for long periods . . . you work together like one man, with one purpose—you give and take . . . and, oh boy! . . . collectively, you hand it out.

It's your spirit which is the mainstay of England—and, to my mind, the ultimate salvation of this country—yours, and the spirit of your wives and sweethearts who stand by you, with great pride.

I guess you often think of them.

The thought of you doth make my heart rejoice, As when we two spoke with a single voice Of Life, and Love, and all the things each gave. And left each other nothing else to crave. Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.

NELSON'S COLUMN

REMEMBER Harry Hibbs, great Birmingham and England goalkeeper, whose uncanny sense of anticipation made shooting seem easy?

Hibbs is still playing soccer—even though he retired from the big-time stuff in 1940.

He is assisting his works' team now—as an inside-left. And, what's more, he's hitting plenty of goals.

Hibbs was England's chosen goalkeeper on 26 occasions. But perhaps the prettiest compliment ever paid him was when a director of the club, a nurseryman, named a new chrysanthemum **Harry Hibbs**.

BOLTON WANDERERS' supporters serving in Tunisia must feel at home so far away. Eleven Bolton players are out there keeping them company!

They are all in an Artillery unit commanded by Lieut. Harry Goslin, Bolton's English international wing-half, and have been serving together since the day war broke out.

Besides Goslin, the party consists of Westwood (another England cap), Catterall, Hurst, Roberts, Sinclair, Thompson, Woodward, Forrest, Hanson and Howe.

MOST of us imagine Derby horses to be real aristocrats in upbringing as well as breeding. It's not always so.

Pink Flower, entered for this year's Derby, 2,000 Guineas and St. Leger, was turned out on a Suffolk farm until bought by his present owners a year ago.

Just 18 guineas.

LABOUR difficulties are setting racehorse trainers a tough problem. Few have enough stable lads left to deal with the horses.

Some are meeting the difficulty by engaging stable lasses. One—Reg. Hobbs, of Lambourn—is getting over the trouble by riding some of the horses himself during morning gallops.

Hobbs's son, Bruce, who won the Grand National on *Battleship*, is now serving in the Middle East.

QUESTION for sporting brains-trusters: Has any professional soccer player ever played for his country both at soccer and Rugby football?

The answer is: Yes, one. And the man who did so, John Willie (Jack) Sutcliffe, a Yorkshireman, living now at Bradford, will shortly celebrate his 75th birthday.

Sutcliffe played against the New Zealanders at Rugger in 1889; became a professional goalkeeper with Bolton Wanderers later the same year, and proceeded to stand between the posts for his country in five soccer internationals.

Two amateurs, R. H. Birkett (Clapham Rovers), who did so in the '70's, and C. P. Wilson (Cambridge University) in the '80's, are the only other men in history who played for England at both games.

SUTCLIFFE, by the way, shares in another freak record, for more than thirty years elapsed between the times when he and his brother, also a goalkeeper, made their Football League debuts.

He was the eldest of a family of twelve, the youngest of which, Charles Sutcliffe, made his League bow with Rotherham in 1920—five years before he was in Sheffield United's Cup-winning side at Wembley.

A LAD weighing only 3 stone 9lbs. has joined F. Armstrong's stable at Middleham as an apprentice.

Just remember that someone puts 50 pounds on a horse every time he gives the boy a bunk up!

JOHN NELSON.

Periscope Page
How to Write a Song

By HUGH CHARLES

To-day we reach the job of writing a lyric for a song, so I am going to turn you over to an expert; the lyric writer of some of the biggest hit numbers of recent years. He was responsible for the lyric to Chopin's "So Deep is the Night," and we had the pleasure of collaborating on several songs, including "Russian Rose" (Sonny Miller). Sonny Miller writes: There is one thing that both melody and lyric writer are agreed upon—there is no special formula for lyrics, but your basic rules for popular lyrics consist of pouring the phrase, "I love you," into a new coloured frame. Do not make the mistake of thinking you must envelop this well-worn phrase with long, high-sounding words and clever phrases. Keep well in mind that simplicity must be your keynote. Three short words have been used in the greatest song ever written—cleverly and subtly used, but they still remain, "True, blue and you." So use them and build your story around them. I would like to advise the beginner to keep another thing in mind, and that is the title—repeat it at least three times throughout the song, and if it is a good one it will impress itself on the listener's mind.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

ALTHOUGH I was surprised by my unexpected fall, I was a good swimmer, and this plunge did not make me lose my presence of mind. Two vigorous kicks brought me back to the surface.

My first care was to look for the frigate. Had the crew seen me disappear? Might I hope to be saved?

The darkness was profound. I perceived a black mass disappearing in the east, the beacon lights of which were dying out in the distance. It was the frigate. I gave myself up.

"Help! help!" cried I, swimming towards the frigate with desperate strokes.

Suddenly my clothes were seized by a vigorous hand, and I heard these words uttered in my ear:—

"If monsieur will have the goodness to lean on my shoulder, monsieur will swim much better."

I seized the arm of my faithful Conseil.

"You!" I cried "you!"

"Myself," answered Conseil, "at monsieur's service."

"Did the shock throw you into the sea, too?"

"No; but being in the service of monsieur, I followed him."

The worthy fellow thought that quite natural.

"What about the frigate?" I asked.

"The frigate!" answered Conseil, turning on his back; "I think monsieur will do well not to count upon the frigate."

"Why?"

"Because, as I jumped into the sea, I heard the man at the helm call out, 'The screw and the rudder are broken.'"

"Broken?"

might be only a singing in our ears, but it seemed to me that a cry answered Conseil's.

"Did you hear?" I murmured.

"Yes, yes!"

And Conseil threw another despairing cry into space. This time there could be no mistake. A human voice answered ours. Was it the voice of some other victim of the shock, or a boat hailing us in the darkness?

"Then we are lost!"

"Perhaps," answered Conseil tranquilly. "In the meantime we have still several hours before us, and in several hours many things may happen."

The imperturbable *sang-froid* of Conseil did me good. I swam more vigorously, but, encumbered by my garments, which dragged me down like a leaden weight, I found it extremely difficult to keep up. Conseil perceived it.

"Will monsieur allow me to make a slit?" said he. And, slipping an open knife under my clothes, he slit them rapidly from top to bottom. I rendered him the same service, and we went on swimming near each other.



Just then the moon appeared through the fringe of a large cloud. I lifted my head and saw the frigate. She was five miles from us, and only looked like a dark mass, scarcely distinguishable. I saw no boats.

I tried to call out, but it was useless at that distance. My swollen lips would not utter a sound. Conseil could still speak, and I heard him call out "Help!" several times.

We suspended our movement for an instant and listened. I

"Conseil!" I murmured.

"Did monsieur ring?" answered Conseil.

Just then, by the light of the moon that was getting lower on the horizon, I perceived a face that was not Conseil's, but which I immediately recognised.

"Ned!" I cried.

"The same, sir, looking after his prize," replied the Canadian.

"Were you thrown into the sea when the frigate was struck?"

"Yes, sir, but, luckier than you, I soon got upon a floating island."

"An island?"

"Yes, or if you like better, on giant narwhal."

"What do you mean, Ned?"

"I mean that I understand now why my harpoon did not stick into the skin, but was blunted."

"Why, Ned, why?"

"Because the beast is made of sheet-iron plates."

I wriggled myself quickly to the top of the half-submerged being or object on which we had found refuge. I struck my foot against it. It was evidently a hard and impenetrable body, and not the soft substance which forms the mass of great marine mammalia.



now, I can't agree with you there at all, but I think life, in its wider aspect, is an opportunity that every individual should have of expressing himself as fully as possible."

Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "I think I disagree with that answer, because it suggests, by implication, that life is a property of matter, that is to say, something which belongs to matter, or matter at a certain stage of organisation, in the same way, let us say, as its other properties—say, hardness or colour or shape—belong to it. I rather disagree with that, because it doesn't seem to me that you can define life as any kind of property of matter; I think of it rather as a separate principle, which is, as it were, added to matter. I think there's a radical difference between living matter and dead matter. I should say that the difference was described—you can only use a metaphor, in the sense that into dead matter life has been infused—(remember the Bible metaphor about "God breathed a breath of life into clay" in order to make it alive)—and that therefore in any matter that is living there's a radical difference from dead matter. If I were to try and put it in a modern form, I should say that matter is a sort of trap to catch life, like a wireless set which catches waves, and that the waves are separate from the set which catches, intercepts and records them."

Well—what do you think?

JANE

TOO LATE,
FRITZ!—QUICK—
SAVE YOURSELF!—
I'M DOOMED—!!


GIVE IT A NAME

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



and a mechanician to guide it, I conclude from that that we are saved."

"Hum," said Ned Land in a reserved tone of voice.

At that moment, and as if to support my arguments, a boiling was heard at the back of the strange apparatus, the propeller of which was evidently a screw, and it began to move. We only had time to hold on to its upper part, which emerged about a yard out of the water. Happily, its speed was not excessive.

"As long as it moves horizontally," murmured Ned Land, "I have nothing to say. But if it takes it into its head to plunge I would not give two dollars for my skin!"

The Canadian might have said less still. It therefore became urgent to communicate with what ever beings were shut up in the machine. I looked on its surface for an opening, but the lines of bolts, solidly fastened down on the joints of the plates, were clear and uniform.

Besides, the moon then disappeared and left us in profound obscurity. We were obliged to wait till daybreak to decide upon the means of penetrating to the interior of this submarine boat.



Thus, then, our safety depended solely upon the caprice of the mysterious steersmen who directed this apparatus, and if they plunged we were lost!

About 4 a.m. the rapidity of the apparatus increased. We resisted

(Continued to-morrow)

QUIZ for today

PRONUNCIATION QUIZ

1. Heinous.
2. Indictment.
3. Irreparable.
4. Mischievous.
5. Nephew.
6. Profile.
7. Respite.
8. Flaccid.
9. Schedule.
10. Medicine.
11. Commandant.
12. Debris.
13. Courteous.
14. Forehead.
15. Formidable.
16. Contrary.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

1. Druidism.
2. From Sir Robert Peel, who founded the Police Force.
3. Switzerland.
4. Empire State Building, New York.
5. Andrew Bonar Law.
6. Malt and hops.
7. Robert Browning.
8. Common salt.
9. Canadian North-West Mounted Police.
10. George Gershwin.
11. William Tell.
12. German; with a few Russian and Hebrew words.

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



HEARD THIS ONE?



The storm was increasing in violence. Some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, and the captain decided that the time had come to send up a signal of distress.

Hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced member of the crew stepped up to the bridge.

"Sir," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on anyone, but it seems to me that this is not the time to let off fireworks."

Solution—

Spot the Lady

The division of the women's £396 was obviously: Bertha £122, Alice £132, Clara £142. The remaining £604 went in this way: Will Grey had the same as his wife Bertha, £122; Tom Green had half as much again as his wife Alice, £198; and Sam Jones had twice as much as his wife Clara, £284. Total, £1,000.

"Yes, that's where his love lies—he's got one in every port."

"Fancy, dear," said Mr. Smith. "It says in this book that in China a man doesn't know his wife until after the wedding ceremony."

"And why," asked Mr. Smith, "is China specially mentioned?"



Solution to yesterday's Moke Puzzle.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9
10					11				
12						13			
14			15	16			17		
	18	19				20			
21	22				23				
24	25	26			27		28	29	
30			31			32		33	
34		35			36	37			
38					39				
40					41				

CLUES DOWN.—(1) Shade; (2) Creak; (3) Cobble; (4) Rose fruit; (5) Chooses; (6) Entreat; (7) One of the U.S.A.; (8) Slender candle; (9) Swung forcibly round; (11) Hawthorn; (16) Colloquial money; (19) Keep scolding; (20) Nevertheless; (21) Stick; (23) Present; (25) Went into raptures; (26) Surrounded by; (28) Written notes; (29) Answering call; (31) Stitch; (33) Beverage; (35) Organ lever; (37) Snare.

P V CURBS T
ACID PALACE
RIGID NOBLE
SNIPES CRAN
EEL BASKETS
R RILLS T
PALETTE PET
ERIC SECURE
LIMES PAPER
TANNIN BIDS
S STROP L E

FORECAST FOR 1943

THIS prophecy was worked out New Year's Eve, and has so far proved alarmingly accurate. . . .

APRIL.

HITLER will announce the complete annihilation of the Russian Armies. Jane will visit a submarine base. Churchill's cigar will be longer. W.R.N.S. will get a new hat. Conscientious objectors will still be fed. Cabinet changes. Ginger Rogers will powder her nose. Eat less potatoes request. We will turn the corner to victory.

MAY.

LORD BEAVERBROOK will demand more aid for Russia. Jane will be undressed. We will turn the corner to victory. Hitler will blame Roosevelt for starting the war. Carry gas masks order. All petrol rations will be stopped except for trips to the dog tracks. Pictures of Churchill's tour will reach London.

JUNE.

POPEYE will forget his spinach. Beaverbrook will demand more aid for Russia. Some Tory M.P.s will die and be replaced by some Tory M.P.s.

JULY.

ROBERT TAYLOR will eat potatoes. Cabinet Changes. Beveridge will be discussed in Parliament, the pubs having given it up. Belinda will be led astray by Jane. Carrying of gas masks forbidden. Hitler will blame Roosevelt for starting the war. W.R.N.S. will change their hats. Eat less bread request. We will turn the corner to victory.

AUGUST.

LADY ASTOR will sneeze. A recruit will hand in his unused ration coupons. Hitler will proclaim the Russian Armies annihilated. The Church will denounce the Press. The Press will denounce the Church. Garbo will smile again. Eat more bread request.

SEPTEMBER.

ROBERT TAYLOR will smoke a cigarette. Sausage and mash will appear in tablet form. (You will have to produce a card to get condiments.) Hitler will broadcast the total annihilation of the Russian Armies.

OCTOBER.

PICTURES of Churchill's tour will reach London. Thousands of people who surrendered their spare tyres will get letters asking why they haven't surrendered their spare tyres. Cabinet changes. A Salvation Army hostel will be opened at the Admiralty for officers' drivers. Jane will do it again (whatever she does). Eat less bread request.

NOVEMBER.

MILLIONS of workers will stay up nights working out income tax forms. Jane will not appear. Hitler will announce the complete annihilation of the Russian Armies. Cabinet changes. Beveridge will be discussed in Parliament. Eat more potatoes request.

DECEMBER.

MR. CHURCHILL will come home for Christmas. Jane will have twins. Brer Rabbit will stroll out of his run for a look at us, and run back fast enough to scorch the earth. Carry gas mask order. There might be a new dance tune. There might. Conscientious objectors will still get enough food. We will turn another corner to victory. If Winston and Joe give the O.K., there will be another Christmas. And maybe a happy New Year.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

GUESS WHO?

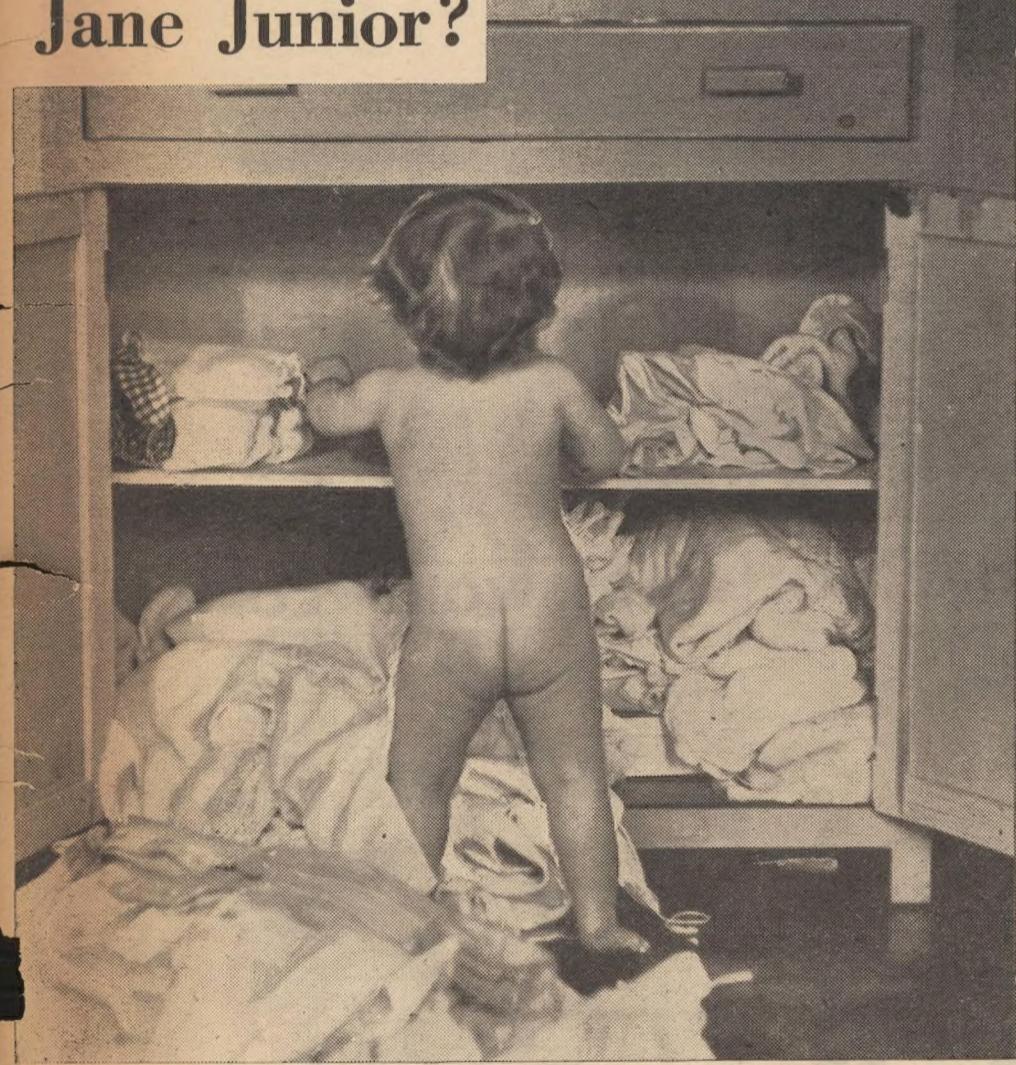
It's all done with a mirror—but perhaps you can see through the distortion and recognise two famous people who do not usually pull such long faces.



This England

The old grey mare comes in for attention in the cobbled courtyard of the ancient inn. If you care for a pint there sometime—it's in Wiltshire.

Jane Junior?



Not a darn thing to wear

"Not a darn thing to wear," says this little lady as she rummages through her war-time wardrobe. Perhaps she's looking for a uniform.



SOMETHING SURFACED!

He could swear he saw it—and yet . . . If only the sea wouldn't wobble so . . . if only these breakers weren't so high. Not a dog's chance of seeing unless one stands up!



HOWDY!

Says Leslie Brooks from the film "Lucky Legs," lucky for me she brought them along.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well—that licks everything!"

